Jim Cason
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4/7/72

Mr. Steve Elman
WBZ Radio-The Jerry Williams Show
Boston, Mass.

Dear Steve,

I address this letter to you, but it is to Jerry. I use the means to try and circumvent the inevitable consequence of the mail you must receive.

Jerry, in long, wearying and bankrupting years, there are but a few shows on which I look back with bitterness and regret, with a feeling of fulitity and frustration. Last night's is one. It is the greater because it was yours. I don't think you ever knew the great respect I held for what you did in Chicago, the admiration for what you aired. When I couldn't afford it, I went out and spent $100 for a really good Zenith set on which I could get BBM more dependably. I have been paying interest on it ever since, for I am about $35,000 in debt and since before you first knew me have had no income, my property being security for my debt.

I asked three things before the show: that you ask him when he completed his work, which you did, that you ask him if he had read Frame-UP, which you did not, and that I get a tape, which you said I would. Steve says maybe not. The one thing I never thought I'd have to ask the Jerry Williams I knew was that he control his show, that he keep his guest on the subject. I never dreamed that you would not, that you would let him ramble on all sorts of things and not let me respond. And at the same time it was first emphasized to me that I must keep my comments short and at the last minute, be careful not to give this loterary whore offense.

You are too busy to review you show. But perhaps you have enough recollections. You did not air a single thing having to do with the King assassination except the few things I was able to hout in by the time I got mad. Think back, when I caught him in that stupidity on the rifle, the closest thing he came to evidence (and it becomes evidence only on a showing that a bullet fired from it caused the death), you let him ramble all over the world. I remember Portugal. But never once did you di what the old Jerry Williams would have done, say address the question. The rifle wasn't in Portugal. What the hell difference does it make what whore Ray laid in Portugal, or how much he paid another in Mexico, if he did not kill King? What difference does the rest of his criminal activity (two jobs for his associates only, by the way, and I know what both are). The one man in the east I never expected to stuff a rag in my mouth and use me to sell a crooked book is you.

Neither you nor <u>any one</u> of the others I considered friends aired me on FRAME-UP when it appear. Given the concern I was sure each felt for the state of our society, this was more than a sufficient disillusionment when it became clear that the publisher had been reached. He has yet to arrange a single promotion, killed those I arranged that he didn't just discourage.

had been reached. He has yet to arrange a single promotion, killed those I arranged that he could. So, my appearance on your show was one that could do me no good. I have no book to sell and even if I did, with the balance of the advance unpaid after more than a year, what the hell good <u>could</u> it do me personally? Steve promised to send me a book, as did Doubleday a month ago because they agreed to a live confrontation in St. Louis. I trusted Steve, who didn't mail it, but I also knew that if he airmailed it, it would not reach me in time to give you the kind of show I would want to give you. I went to Washington and borrowed one because I am too broke to buy it. And then I worked like hell, dropping

dropping everything else from the time I got the book, to give any old friend the best kind of show possible, the kind, als, he clearly did not want. You know me well enough to know I could have ad libbed my way through it. But that I would not do to you. If you doubt for one minute the amount of work I did for you, just challenge me and I'll send you xeroxes of the pages of notes I typed out in advance, all keyed to pages of Frank's text, and with citations of sources of the truth. For what besides getting the truth out (which required no preparation for me) and giving you the kind of show you always did so magnificently? When I discovered that Ray's lawyers had not returned my Remington catalogue, I drove around town until I got the last available. There was a point in this. Frank had to work around the fact that there is no case against Ray, and please take this quite literally, and then around FRAME-UP. That stuff beginning on page 34 is absolute rubbish. The two models have the identical cost. The trajectories are exactly the opposite of what he says. Get Steve to call any gunshop and you'll see. The same on what you should have insisted on mking him answer when I fonally got to raise the question about the gun. Clearly, you are not a hunter, or you'd know that a pump gun has the breechm completely enclosed except for the aperture on the bottom through which the clip is inserted and the narrow slot on the right side through which the empty shell is ejected. Now without a clip the shell just poops out the bottom when you injected it into the breech by hand, unless you are a contortionist. The whole purpose of this kind of weapon depends upon the use of a clip. Quite the opposite of saving time by putting in a single shot-and do you know anyone crazy enough to plan an assassination with an unloaded weapon?* the clip has the purpose of saving time. Extras are sold so that the user can rapidly reload. The prohblm Frank and the prosecution had is that the rifle was found without the clip in it and with but an empty shell in the breech. This is insane. The framing was that incompetent. Again, call your friendly local gunsmith.

You could have done a memorable show. After I got into Frank's polished literary hroseshit enough to realize the full potential, I phoned to let you know that although it was unlikely, he might bolt on you but not to worry because I was well prepared to fill the rest of your time with his book, not mine. Again, I can send it to you. Had you not dridled me, he would have, I am now certain. You were in the studio, not I, but I am certain he was close to it and that he will now refuse the face-toface confrontation to which he has agree.

Were you not, on my side, an old and cherished friend, I'd not take the time to write. (excuse me for not taking the time to read and correct). There remains a question of my integrity, to you and to your audience. Remember that lying commercializing whore alleged there was bu a single wound because of alleged surgery? Tracheostomies are not performed on the side of the face and neck but from the front. Let me quote you from one of the many think he suppressed and why the hell do you think he made no reference to the confiscation of the court papers in Britain and t e suppression in Memphis-two thing for which you asked me to prepar and I did and you promptly forgot them?). This is from page 64 of those papers I got by suit, from the coroner's affidavit, the autopsy part, under "Xternal marks and Scars":"The second penetrating wound at the base of the neck (emph. added) in the superior aspect of the chest measures three inches in length". Want a xerox?

In all my years and all my shows, this is the one in which it was not possible to discuss the evidence, the thing for which I prepared, and not in terms of my book, as my notes will show if you want them, but in terms of his. You are the last guy of whom I'd have expected. The fact remains there is absolutely zero to connect Ray with the crime, no print in the room, none in the bathroom, none in the mustand, npne of t e rifle where it had to be to be used, no means of connected the bullet with the rifle, none of placing him in even the city for the twk hours before the crime, none of placing him at the scene of the crime when it happened. And the one man Frank mentioned was si drunk the cops couldn't even take a statement from him until the next day. He couldn't get out of bed at the time of the afimeand three hours later, when questioned at the police station gy a local reporter I've located and interviewed, hadn't the slightest idea why he was there. But as a measure of Frank's integrity on these simple matters, ask Steve to look at the bathroom picture Frank

the fourh between pp. 228 and 229, notice that it shows no handprint, and ask the morgue of your local papers or UPI if there is not one showing a handprint on the left wall. Why do yiu think Frank left that out? Because it was Ray's? I have this picture, but the deal with UPI is no use, hence I can't send it toy you. If you have a WATS line, caller Mr. Miller in UPI's New York Oficie. He'll describe this picture to you. It is small, but typical and symptomatic of what you, incredibly to me, made youself part of. And while you are in pictures, compare his 11 on the next page with the one I had to sue to get, reproduced in FRAME-UP. You'll see the government faked the one I had to sue to get. It is shown partly inside the door. I now have the one Frank used and more, and the package was outside, as Frank's shows. Understand one of the reasons I wanted you to ask him if he'd read Frameup?

And you missed the bit on conspiracy, his alleged charge of heart. The only conspiracy he ever visualized and abandoned by the time of the minitrial, which was March 1969, was one involving Cuba or China, as he said on your show. Doesn't this tell the current Jerry Williams what it would have told the one I knew.

I could go on and on, but I will not. I owe you this from the past, for I can't believe you are today other than the genuine and deeply concerned man I knew in the past. But if you for one minute doubt anything I have told you, get Steve to call me up with a taoe recorder connected, I'll keep these notes together and read them, with page citations and sources, to him for you to hear.

I think I should address the plea. I was right on the plea being to the technical chrage only, for Foreman conned Ray with an account of all the non-existent FBI evidence he had see and, as I can play you in his own voice, convinced him he would fry if he didn't cop the plea. Ray first decided to resist, and that he did, for months. During this time the judge told him he would not permit another change of lawyers. Then when Foreman bgegged for help from the State because he couldn't afford it(!) the public defender was assigned as co-counsel, over Ray's objections. The fact is that he refused ever to see the public defender, who would, as Ray suspected, have sold him out. They never win a case. It is he, Hugh Stanton, who 30 minutes after being assigned to the case and before <u>any</u> study of the fact,law or potential evidence, started working on the deal, with Foreman's o.k. Do you blame Ray? And when the judge said he was hooked with the sell-outs, what was he to do but what he did, go through with the deal and <u>immediately</u> appeal. When he wrote the letter I reproduce and got no answer, he had his brother Jerry get another lawyer. Jerry is a racist. He came up with a man named Ryan, who went to the jail to get Ray's signature on appeals papers and was denied amdission. Agaian, I could go on and on, and give you a glimmer of the kind of show you <u>could</u> have had. Ray was under artificial lights, with two closed-circuit TV and two tape recorders 24 hours a day for <u>eight months.</u> He never knew if it was day or night, and he couldn't even see Hanes in private. Hanes had to show his notes to the guard when he left the cell. Try this one on Lee Bailey if you doubt my interpretation of its legalmeaning, and ask him to consult <u>Ashcraft v Tennessee</u>, the controlling decision. When the man then judge was DA he held Ashcraft under lights and questioned him for 36 hours, ending in a confession. The Supreme Court reversed. But that same judge held that eight months of it was not "undue duress", the words of the statute. When this point was raised on appeal by Ray's new and volunteer and unpaid lawyers, the new judge held that undue duress was not present because Ray was not in chains and then not buried ina a sweat box. If you want his words on tape and in the decision, ask old friend.

Maybe you have gone show bis. I can't believe it. But of all the fact about the crime and whether any of the institutions and protections of society worked, of all you could have given your people that they need for the functioning of a decent society, askx tour-self what you did give besides a fat plug for a fat loterary whore, a book that can at best further corrupt an already corrupt society. What do they now know, though you, of how King was killed or how society worked? What one <u>fact</u> did you give? And were you not, really, very unfair to me, handicapped as I was by being on the phone and then by your requests that I take it easy on Frank and be short while you let him fillibuster?

Sincerely, Harold Weisberg